But though they iumpe not on a iuſt account,
(As in theſe caſes, where they aime reports,
Tis oft with difference,) yet doe they all confirme
A *Turkiſh* fleet, and bearing vp to *Cipres*.
Du. Nay, it is poſſible enough to judgement:
I doe not ſo ſecure me to the error,
But the mayne Article I doe approue
In fearefull ſenſe *Enter a Meſſenger.*
One within. What ho, what ho, what ho?
Officer. A meſſenger from the Galleys,
Du. Now, the buſineſſe?
Sailor. The *Turkiſh* preparation makes for *Rohdes*,
So was I bid report here to the State, by Signior *Angelo*.
Du. How ſay you by this change?
Sena. This cannot be by no aſſay of reaſon—
Tis a Pageant,
To keepe vs in falſe gaze: when we conſider
The importancy of *Cyprus* to the *Turke*:
And let our ſelues againe, but vnderſtand,
That as it more concernes the *Turke* then *Rhodes*,
So may he with more facile queſtion beare it,
For that it ſtands not in ſuch warlike brace,
Who altogether lacks th'abilities
That *Rhodes* is dreſt in: if we make thought of this,
We muſt not thinke the *Turke* is ſo vnskilfull,
To leaue that lateſt which oncernes him firſt;
Neglecting an attempt of eaſe and gaine,
To wake and wage a danger profitleſſe.
Du. Nay, in all confidence hee's not for *Rhodes*.
Officer. Here is more newes. *Enter a 2 Meſſenger.*
Meſ. The *Ottomites*, reuerend and gratious,
Steering with due courſe, toward the Iſle of *Rhodes*,
Haue there inioynted them with an after fleete,
1 *Sena.* I, ſo I thought, how many, as you gueſſe.
Meſ. Of 30. ſaile, and now they doe reſterne
Their backward courſe, bearing with franke appearance
Their purpoſes towarcs *Cyprus*: Seignior *Montano*,
Your truſty and moſt valiant ſeruitor,

With his free duty recommends you thus,
And prayes you to beleeue him.
Du. Tis certaine then for *Cyprus*,
Marcus Luccicos is not he in towne?
1 *Sena.* Hee's now in *Florence*.
Du. Write from vs to him poſt, poſt haſt diſpatch.

Enter Brabantio, Othello, Roderigo, Iago, Caſſio, Deſdemona, *and Officers.*

1 *Sena.* Here comes *Brabantio* and the valiant Moore.
Du. Valiant *Othello*, we muſt ſtraite imploy you,
Againſt the generall enemy *Ottoman*;
I did not ſee you, welcome gentle Seignior,
We lackt your counſell, and your helpe to night.
Bra. So did I yours, good your Grace pardon me
Neither my place, nor ought I heard of buſineſſe
Hath rais'd me from my bed, not doth the generall care
Take hold of me, for my particular griefe,
Is ofſo floodgate and orebearing nature,
That it engluts and ſwallows other ſorrowes,
And it is ſtill it ſelfe.
Du. Why, whats the matter?
Bra. My daughter, O my daughter.
All. Dead?
Bra. I to me:
She is abus'd, ſtolne from me and corrupted,
By ſpels and medicines, bought of Mountebanckes,
For nature ſo prepoſterouſly to erre,
(Being not deficient, blind or lame of ſenſe,)
Sans witchcraft could not.
Du. Who ere he be, that in this foule proceeding
Hath thus beguild your daughter of her ſelfe,
And you of her, the bloody booke of Law,
You ſhall your ſelfe, read in the bitter letter,
After its owne ſenſe, yea tho our proper ſonne
Stood in your action.
Bra. Humbly I thanke your Grace;

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22306) LONDON, 1630 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12.g.28) Octavo